

Production No. 1ACV01

Futurama

"Pilot"

Written by

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Created by
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Return to Futurama
c/o 20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION
Script Department
10201 W. Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90035

RECORD DRAFT

Date 6/9/1998

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"SPACE PILOT 3000"

Cast List

FRY. CHARLIE SCHLATTER
LEELA. NICOLE SULLIVAN
BENDER. JOHN DIMAGGIO
PROFESSOR FARNSWORTH. . . . BILLY WEST
SMITTY. BILLY WEST
URL. JOHN DIMAGGIO
LEONARD NIMOY'S HEAD. . . . LEONARD NIMOY
. (SUBSTITUTE BILLY WEST)
NIXON'S HEAD. BILLY WEST
TEENAGE FRY. CHARLIE SCHLATTER
SUICIDE BOOTH. TRESS MACNEILLE
DICK CLARK'S HEAD. DICK CLARK
. (SUBSTITUTE BILLY WEST)
JANET. NICOLE SULLIVAN
MR. BORDEN. BILLY WEST
ATTENDANT. NICOLE SULLIVAN
CROWD. WRITERS
CLEANING BOT. TRESS MACNEILLE
TUBE PASSENGER. JOHN DIMAGGIO
JET CAT. MATT GROENING
NERDY TEEN. BILLY WEST
LESS NERDY TEEN. TRESS MACNEILLE
CRIMINAL HEADS. EVERYONE
BIZARRE ALIENS. WRITERS

DOCTOR.	CHARLIE SCHLATTER
NIGHT WATCHMAN.	CHARLIE SCHLATTER
MR. PANUCCI.	JOHN DIMAGGIO
12-YEAR-OLD KID.	TRESS MACNEILLE
BOWZER'S HEAD.	JOHN DIMAGGIO
PRESIDENTIAL HEADS.	EVERYONE
NEW YORK CROWD.	EVERYONE
EGYPTIAN CROWD.	EVERYONE
RUSSIAN COSMONAUTS.	EVERYONE
FRENCH CROWD.	EVERYONE
HUMAN RACE.	EVERYONE
TOYKO CROWD.	EVERYONE
MASAI CROWD.	EVERYONE
INDIAN CROWD.	EVERYONE
CHINESE CROWD.	EVERYONE
GREEK CROWD.	EVERYONE
PARIS CROWD.	EVERYONE
HUMAN RACE.	EVERYONE

FUTURAMA

"PILOT"

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COLD OPENING

CHYRON: DECEMBER 31, 1999

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

ACTION MUSIC plays as a rocketship travels through space. Several identical planet Saturns scroll past.

FRY (V.O.)

(SERIOUS TONE) Space. It seems to go on and on forever. But then you get to the end and a gorilla starts throwing barrels at you.

Saturn pops open and a gorilla in overalls emerges. It begins **HURLING** barrels at the rocket.

PULL BACK TO:

INT. PANUCCI'S PIZZA PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

The action is on the screen of a video game called "Futurama". FRY, a 25 year-old guy in a pizza delivery jacket, is playing as a 12-YEAR-OLD KID looks on. The rocket gets hit by a barrel and **EXPLODES**.

12-YEAR-OLD KID

Dude, you shoulda used the smart bomb.

MR. PANUCCI (O.S.)

Hey, Fry. Pizza goin' out.

MR. PANUCCI, a pizza chef, holds out a box of pizza.

FRY

(UNHAPPY SIGH) Yes sir, Mr. Panucci.

Fry turns away from the game and the twelve-year-old immediately steps in. Fry takes the pizza box, which reads "Panucci's Pizza." A stereotypical chef on the box has a word balloon that reads "Do not tip delivery boy."

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREET - NIGHT

Through a window, we see happy New Year's Eve REVELERS wearing party hats, sipping champagne, etc. Fry rides by on his **SQUEAKY** bicycle, the pizza and a six-pack of beer strapped to the back. He stops at an office building and locks his bike to a post. As he carries the pizza into the building, a thief in a party hat runs up and steals the bike.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - A MOMENT LATER

The NIGHT WATCHMAN is reading the New York Post, with huge headline "2000!" A sub-headline reads "Doomsayers Cautiously Upbeat." Fry walks past, pizza and beer in hand.

FRY

Working the New Year's Eve shift, eh?

The watchman points at Fry sarcastically.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

(TONGUE-CLUCK "YOU GOT IT" SOUND)

FRY

(UNDER BREATH; SING-SONG) Lo-ser.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 16TH FLOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Fry steps out of the elevator and approaches a door labeled "Applied Cryogenics -- A Division of Birdseye, Inc." He **KNOCKS**... there's no answer. He pushes the door open.

INT. CRYOGENIC LAB - CONTINUOUS

Fry steps into the eerily quiet room, and the door seals behind him with a **HISS**. Several frozen human forms are dimly visible in frosted glass tubes lining the back wall. Fry looks around and **SHIVERS**.

FRY

(CALLING) Hello? Pizza delivery for...

Fry pulls a slip of paper from his pocket and sees the name... "W. Disney!"

FRY (CONT'D)

"Walt Disney?" (ANNOYED GROAN) Man, I
always thought by this point in my life
I'd be the one making the crank calls.

He drops the pizza on a desk, takes off his coat, and sits down wearily. He POPS a can of beer open. Foam dribbles down his hand and drips on his shoes. He raises it for a toast.

FRY (CONT'D)

Here's to another lousy millennium.

He takes a SLURP. Through a window beside him, we see the glowing ball begin to drop in Times Square. We PUSH IN.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

It's packed in anticipation of the new millennium. There's an excited BUZZ from the crowd. A counter lights up "10".

NEW YORK CROWD

Ten!

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT

PARIS CROWD

Neuf!

EXT. MIR SPACE STATION - NIGHT

Through the porthole, we see TWO COSMONAUTS toasting with vodka glasses. A tiny corner of the solar panel is on fire.

RUSSIAN COSMONAUTS (O.S.)

(STATICKY RADIO) Vosem!

EXT. GREAT PYRAMID - NIGHT

EGYPTIAN CROWD

Sabah!

EXT. PARTHENON - NIGHT

GREEK CROWD

Eksi!

INT. CRYOGENIC LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

A lonely Fry checks his watch, pulls a noisemaker from his pocket, and puts it in his mouth.

EXT. GREAT WALL OF CHINA - NIGHT

CHINESE CROWD

Wu!

EXT. TAJ MAHAL - NIGHT

INDIAN CROWD

Chaar!

EXT. MASAI CAMP - NIGHT

MASAI CROWD

(LOUDER) Thathu!

EXT. TOKYO - NEON-LIT STREET - NIGHT

TOKYO CROWD

(LOUDER) Ni!

EXT. EARTH (AS SEEN FROM SPACE)

HUMAN RACE (V.O.)

(LOUDER) ONE! / UNO! / UN! / EIN! / E!

/ ICHI! / ECHAD! / WAHID! / etc.

INT. CRYOGENIC LAB - NIGHT

Fry, leaning back in his chair, blows his noisemaker. It unfurls with a **CRINKLY PAPER SOUND** and a pathetic **BRAAAP**. The recoil tilts him backwards, and he flips head-over-heels into an open cryogenic tube. The lid **SNAPS** shut, and the dial **CLICKS** to "1000 YEARS". Fry peers out, still clutching his beer can.

FRY

(RESIGNED WORRY) Oh, boy.

A dribble of beer suddenly **FREEZES** solid, as does Fry.

MONTAGE

FUTURISTIC SOUND EFFECTS (an extended lead-in to our theme) gradually build. Fry's face remains motionless in the foreground as the rotating timer **CLICKS** faster and faster. Through the window, days, years, and centuries pass as we dissolve from one image to the next:

- A) Glorious fireworks illuminate the night sky.
- B) The sun and moon race overhead, more and more rapidly. A few new buildings appear in the skyline.
- C) Flying saucers cross from left to right, destroying the city with lasers.
- D) A jungle grows amid the ruins of the city.
- E) The city is rebuilt with medieval castles.
- F) Flying saucers cross from right to left, destroying the city with lasers once again.
- G) Buildings appear and grow in an indistinct blur; the overall effect is that the street level rises.

In a **CLOSE-UP**, the timer **DINGS**. The door **POPS** open, and the beer re-liquefies and **DRIBBLES** to the floor. A dazed Fry wobbles out. The room looks basically the same, but the furniture is more modern.

FRY

(GROGGY NOISES)

Daylight streams through the window. Fry turns and gazes out upon New New York City.

FRY'S POV

It's a wonderland of futuristic buildings, hovering cars, blazing advertisements, commuters shooting through glass tubes, monorail schoolbuses, blue traffic lights, and spaceships overhead.

BACK TO SCENE

Fry's eyes widen.

FRY

(SURPRISED) Holy sh--

HARD CUT TO:

THEME MUSIC and opening titles.

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. CRYOGENIC LAB - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

FRY

--it!

Fry continues staring out at the futuristic cityscape.

FRY (CONT'D)

(AMAZED) Whoa... I must've been frozen
for months.

LEELA (O.S.)

Welcome to New New York.

Fry turns.

FRY'S POV

He looks down at a pair of boots. Then his gaze slowly moves
up a shapely female body.

FRY (V.O.)

(INTRIGUED SOUND)

We continue PANNING up, then come to an abrupt stop... The
woman, LEELA, has only one large eye in the middle of her
forehead. (She holds an electronic clipboard.)

FRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(ALARMED NOISE)

BACK TO SCENE

LEELA

(BUSINESS-LIKE) Name?

FRY

Don't eat me!

LEELA

(OFFHAND) Okay. Name?

FRY

Uh... FRY

She enters this on her clipboard.

LEELA

I'm Leela. I'll be your case worker.

My job is to help you adapt to the--

FRY

(INTERRUPTS) Can I ask you a question?

LEELA

As long as it's not about my eye.

FRY

Uh... (FALLS SILENT)

LEELA

(GRUDGING) All right. Just ask the question.

FRY

What's with the eye?

LEELA

(SLIGHTLY ANNOYED) I'm an alien, all right? Let's drop the subject.

FRY

Cool, an alien! What planet are you from?

LEELA

I don't know.

FRY

Mars?

LEELA

I don't know. I was abandoned on Earth

as a baby.

FRY

Probably Mars. Anyway, I should go.

Mr. Panucci's gonna be P.O.'d.

Fry turns to go. Leela gently turns him to face a digital wall calendar, which reads "DEC. 31, 2999."

FRY (CONT'D)

(CAUTIOUSLY) Please tell me that
calendar cost twenty-nine ninety-nine.

LEELA

Actually, it did. But I'm afraid that's
just a coincidence.

FRY

(STUNNED) My God, a million years!

LEELA

Technically, it's closer to a thousand.
But that's still a long time. I'm sure
this must be very upsetting for you.

FRY

You know... it's strange, but actually I
feel pretty good. I mean, I didn't
leave much behind except a crummy job
and a whole buncha jerks. (BRIGHTENING)
And now they're all dead. Who's the
loser now, dead guys?! In your face,
Mr. Panucci!

LEELA

Hmmm. You might be what we call a "fast
adjuster."

FRY

Could be.

Fry takes a **SLURP** of beer.

FRY (CONT'D)

Ah, still cold.

INT. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Leela leads Fry toward a door that reads "MedPod Alpha."

LEELA

We'll start you off with some routine
medical tests.

The door slides upward with a quiet **WHOOSH**. Leela enters,
followed by Fry. He stops in the doorway and looks up.

FRY

Cool, just like in Star Tr--

The door suddenly drops, **WHACKING** him on the head.

FRY (CONT'D)

(PAINED SOUND)

INT. MEDICAL POD - LATER

Fry, wearing only his underwear, lies suspended a few inches above a metal table. Leela looks on. A green laser FIRES into Fry's ear, making his eyes glow green. The laser stops but Fry's eyes continue glowing. He turns his head sideways and TAPS it as if he has water in his ear. A brief laser burst SHOOTs from his ear, and his eyes stop glowing.

SFX: DOT MATRIX PRINTER

A print-out emerges and Leela tears it off.

LEELA (CONT'D)

Interesting. Your DNA test shows one living relative... he's your great-great-great-great-great-great...

Fry starts putting on his socks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDICAL POD - LATER

Fry is now fully dressed.

LEELA

...great-great-great nephew.

FRY

That's great! What's the little guy's name?

LEELA

(READS) "Professor Hubert Farnsworth."

Leela turns the paper toward Fry. On it is some information and a photo of PROFESSOR FARNSWORTH -- a wrinkled, 149-year-old man.

FRY

Nerd alert. (REPEATED BUZZER NOISE)

INT. CRYOGENIC LAB - A MOMENT LATER

Leela approaches a strange device that looks like a TV on a cart covered with numerous control panels.

LEELA

This is a Biographic Projector. It'll help me assign you your place in society.

She approaches Fry, holding red and black stereo wires.

FRY

Listen, if you need help with those cables, I was in A.V. Club.

She suction-cups the wires directly onto Fry's temples, then looks around, searching for something. She reaches into a sofa cushion and pulls out a remote-control. She points it at Fry's head and presses "♦".

ON SCREEN - INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - 1975

We see a **CRYING NEWBORN FRY**. His tiny tuft of hair matches his current hairstyle. A **DOCTOR** applies Fry's foot to an ink pad, then presses it to a birth certificate.

CLOSE-UP: it reads "Name: Philip J. Fry. Born: July 13, 1975".

DOCTOR (O.S.)

(QUICK; PAINED) Ow ow ow ow OW!!!

WIDEN to reveal the doctor now has several tiny footprints in the vicinity of his crotch. Baby Fry smiles mischievously.

BACK TO SCENE

Leela presses the "♦" button. The image on screen **FAST-FORWARDS** to a blur, then returns to normal speed.

ON SCREEN - INT. FRY'S HOUSE

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD FRY slouches on the sofa, watching "The Simpsons" on T.V.

TEENAGE FRY

God, they're ugly.

The image FAST-FORWARDS again.

ON SCREEN - INT. HIGH SCHOOL GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD FRY sits facing his GUIDANCE COUNSELOR, who is examining Fry's file. (A name plaque reads "DAVE BORDEN -- Guidance Counselor".)

MR. BORDEN

Listen, Fry. You're fifteen, and soon it'll be time for you to drop out. Do you have any realistic goals for the future? (CLEARS THROAT) Fry?

We see Fry is reading a comic book, "Space Boy in Outer Space". He lowers it.

TEENAGE FRY

Uh... I certainly do, sir. I'm going to be some kind of action hero. Possibly in outer space.

MR. BORDEN

Not with these grades.

The image WHIZZES ahead.

ON SCREEN - INT. A.V. CLUB MEETING ROOM

We see a couple of NERDY TEENS looking at a projector. A projection on a movie screen reads "Welcome to A.V. Club". TEENAGE FRY looks on.

TEENAGE FRY

Can I be in the A.V. Club?

NERDY TEEN

For the "n"th time, no.

LESS NERDY TEEN

And stop going around telling people you
are

The image FAST-FORWARDS again.

ON SCREEN - INT. FRY'S APARTMENT - 1999

Fry stands in front of a mirror, putting on his pizza boy
jacket. His girlfriend, JANET, looks on angrily.

JANET

You can't deliver pizzas on New Year's
Eve! It's gonna be the year two
thousand. That's one of the most
famous-sounding years in history.

FRY

Eh, it's just a buncha zeroes.

JANET

You're a buncha zeroes.

She shoves a roll-out noisemaker (as seen in the cold
opening) into his mouth, and turns to go.

BACK TO SCENE

Leela CLICKS off the TV.

FRY

Man. I guess I was pretty close to
bordering on being a loser.

LEELA

It's not for me to say. (CHECKS CONTROL
PANEL) Though that is what the machine
is indicating.

FRY

Well, a guy can change a lot in a
thousand years. I've been given a
second chance, and this time, things are
gonna be different!

We hear a discouraging BUZZER sound.

FRY (CONT'D)

What's that?

LEELA

Your permanent career assignment.

Another paper emerges from a printer. Fry grabs it. It
reads, "Category: DELIVERY BOY". His eyes widen in horror.

FRY

No. NOOO! Not again! (POUNDING ON
MACHINE) Please, anything else!

LEELA

There's no reason to be upset. You've
been assigned the job you're best at,
just like everyone else.

FRY

What if I refuse?

LEELA

Then you'll be fired--

FRY

(INTERRUPTING) Fine.

LEELA

...out of a cannon, into the sun.

FRY

But I don't like being a delivery boy!

LEELA

Lots of people don't like their jobs.

But we do them anyway.

She gestures to a poster of a guy in a hard hat. He's giving the "thumbs up" but he has a sad frown on his face. A caption reads.

LEELA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(SERIOUSLY) "You Gotta Do What You

Gotta Do

BACK TO SCENE

LEELA (CONT'D)

Now hold out your hand.

Fry holds out his hand (palm up). Leela picks up a frightening-looking hole-punch-like device.

LEELA (CONT'D)

I'm going to implant your career chip.

It'll permanently label you as a
delivery boy.

Fry yanks back his hand and starts backing away.

FRY

Keep that thing away from me!

She approaches Fry with the chip implanter. He backs up right to the cryogenic tube he came out of earlier.

LEELA

I've had enough of this. Stand still and
stop acting like a baby.

FRY

Never!

Leela lunges at Fry. He darts out of the way, causing her to stumble into the tube. The door **SLAMS** shut and the timer **CLICKS** to "1000 YEARS". Leela **BANGS** on the glass.

LEELA

(MUFFLED) Let me out! You're in huge trouble!

There's a **CRACKLE** as she suddenly freezes solid.

FRY

(CHUCKLES) Send me a postcard from the year 4000.

He picks up his beer can, takes a **SIP**, and strolls confidently to the door. It slides upward with a **WHOOSH**. We see just a hint of the wonderland beyond. He starts to step out, then hesitates and looks back over his shoulder.

FRY (CONT'D)

(SIGHS)

He lowers his head, returns to the freezer tube, and twists the timer dial all the way down to "5 MINUTES".

FRY (CONT'D)

You owe me one.

He turns and hurries back toward the exit. As he passes through, he looks up nervously at the top of the doorway. Then the door slides closed from the side, **HITTING** him.

FRY (CONT'D)

(PAINED GRUNT)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW NEW YORK CITY - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Fry hurries out of the building (still carrying his beer can) and walks out onto the street.

FRY

(LOOKING AROUND, AMAZED) Whoa!

Five kids on flying scooters WHIZ by in a geese-like V-formation. One does a loop-the-loop. A cat with a jet-pack ROCKETS by in the opposite direction, chased by a dog with a jet-pack.

JET CAT

(DOPPLER YOWL)

Fry's gaze comes to rest on the TUBE, a winding, clear glass tubeway that transports people around the city. Several commuters rocket through feet-first, some reading newspapers. (There's a newspaper vending machine near the tube entrance. In it, we see the New New York Post. The headline reads "3000!" and a sub-headline reads "Moon Pie Fight in Mars Bar".) Fry watches as a MAN approaches a tube stop.

TUBE PASSENGER

JFK Junior Airport.

The man is instantly **SUCKED** into the tube and whisked away. Fry approaches hesitantly. He looks around, and sees the tip of the Empire State Building a few blocks away.

FRY

(TENTATIVE) Uh... Empire State

Building.

He gets **SUCKED** into the tube.

TUBE RIDE MONTAGE

A) We see the Statue of Liberty, now holding up the tube with her hand. Fry rockets through it.

B) The tube plunges underwater. Fry shoots past some fish (including robot fish) and the wreck of the Circle Line.

C) The tube is back above ground. Fry catches up to a violin player (with an open violin case) moving slightly slower than Fry. Fry looks the other way uncomfortably.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - TUBE STOP

A subway-style tiled sign reads "Empire State Building." Several people fly out an open end of the tube, feet-first. They HIT a padded wall and drop casually to the ground.

FRY (O.S.)

(HAPPY SHOUTING, GRADUALLY GROWING

LOUDER). Yeeeah! Weehah!

Fry flies out head-first and THUMPS his head on the wall.

FRY (CONT'D)

(PAINED GRUNT)

EXT. STREET - A MOMENT LATER

Fry strolls along happily. In the background, we see the Empire State Building, though only half protrudes through the current street level. He passes a row of vending machines, including "Slurm .. \$1", "Steaming Meat Shanks .. \$1", and "Sex .. \$1.25". Fry stops at this last machine, looks at it curiously, then pulls out his wallet and opens it. There's only a single dollar inside.

FRY

(DISAPPOINTED SOUND)

He SIPS the last of the beer from his can, then casually tosses it to the ground. Instantly, a slot opens in the curb and a small cleaning-bot ROLLS out. It quickly sweeps up the can and rolls offscreen.

FRY (CONT'D)

Thanks, sucker.

Fry walks off. The cleaning-bot rolls into a store with a sign reading "Antiques Bought and Sold." A moment later, a hand places the beer can in the window with a price tag of "\$5,000". The cleaning-bot exits, clutching a wad of bills.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Fry walks along, WHISTLING happily. He notices a phone booth.

FRY

Hey, I can call my nephew!

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the sheet with Professor Farnsworth's photo and information on it. He gets on line to use the phone. There are a couple people in front of him. A robot, BENDER, gets in line behind him and taps his foot impatiently. Fry sees him.

FRY (CONT'D)

Whoa, a real live robot! (THEN,

SUSPICIOUS) Or is that some kind of cheesy New Year's costume?

BENDER

Bite my shiny metal ass.

FRY

(LOOKS) It doesn't look so shiny to me.

BENDER

Shinier than yours, meatbag.

The door of the booth SLIDES open, and a woman enters. The line moves forward. We WIDEN to reveal that the side of the booth (unseen by Fry) reads "SUICIDE - 25¢ ... Cheap / Odorless / Reliable." The word "suicide" flashes.

FRY

(WHISTLES OBLIVIOUSLY)

We see a flash of light around the edges of the door. The door OPENS again and Fry steps in.

INT. BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

A single button reads "START". Fry SLAPS it repeatedly, but nothing happens. Bender pushes his way into the booth.

BENDER

Listen, buddy, I'm in a hurry here.

Let's try for a two-er.

Bender inserts a coin in the slot, then sneakily yanks it back out by a thread.

BENDER (CONT'D)

(SNEAKY CHUCKLE)

The booth begins to RUMBLE ominously.

BOOTH (V.O.)

(CALM FEMALE VOICE) Please select mode of death... "quick and painless," or "slow and horrible."

FRY

Yes, I'd like to place a collect call?

BOOTH (V.O.)

You have selected "slow and horrible."

BENDER

Good choice.

A panel slides open, revealing several instruments of death -- a spring-loaded knife, a tiny circular SAW, a SPARKING Jacob's ladder, and a small FLAME THROWER.

BENDER (CONT'D)

Bring it on, baby! (TURNS TO FRY) By the way, my name's Bender.

Bender extends his hand.

FRY

Help! What's happening?! Operator, call nine-one-one!

One of the knives **SPRINGS** forward. Fry dodges, **KNOCKING** Bender out of the way as well. The knife comes to a stop and slowly twists side to side before withdrawing.

BOOTH (V.O.)

You are now dead. Thank you for using
"Stop-N-Drop," America's favorite
suicide booth since 2008.

BENDER

Lousy stinking rip-off.

Bender angrily **KICKS** the booth, then turns to Fry.

BENDER (CONT'D)

Well, I didn't have anything else
planned for today. Let's go get drunk.

INT. BAR - LATER

Fry and Bender sit at a bar. A neon sign reads "Slurm -- It's Highly Addictive!" Three empty Slurm cans sit in front of Fry. Bender drinks from a bottle of "OLDE FORTTRAN".

FRY

Why would a robot need to drink?

BENDER

I don't need to drink. I can quit any
time I want.

Fry takes a sip of Slurm and **BELCHES**. Bender sips his malt liquor and **BELCHES** as well, sending a small flame shooting from his mouth.

BENDER (CONT'D)

So they made you a delivery boy, huh?

Man, that reeks as bad as my job.

FRY

Really? What do you do, Bender?

BENDER

I'm a bender. I bend girders. That's
all I'm programmed to do.

FRY

Oh, I get it. They fired you for
stealing white-out, right?

BENDER

Hell no! I was a star. I could bend a
girder to any angle -- 30 degrees, 32
degrees -- you name it. 31... (SOLEMN)

But I couldn't go on once I found out
what the girders were for.

FRY

(CURIOUS) What?

BENDER

Suicide booths.

Bender drinks the last of his malt liquor, then eats the
bottle with a loud **CRUNCHING** sound. He stands up.

BENDER (CONT'D)

Well, Fry, it was a pleasure meeting
you. I'm gonna go kill myself.

FRY

Wait! You're the only friend I have.

BENDER

You really want a robot for a friend?

Fry nods.

BENDER (CONT'D)

Well, okay. But I don't want people
thinking we're robosexuals, so if anyone
asks, you're my debugger.

Fry starts to smile, then suddenly looks horrified. We see
Leela nearby, showing Fry's picture to passersby. Fry
quickly ducks down behind the bar.

FRY

(WHISPERS) Oh, crud. It's the Martian.

Bender's head rotates 180 degrees to look at Leela.

FRY (CONT'D)

(LOUD WHISPER) Don't look, don't look!

BENDER

I'm not looking.

Bender's eyes focus in and out like zoom lenses, **BUZZING**
slightly as he stares directly at her. Just then, the entire
bar starts moving. We **WIDEN** to reveal it's actually just a
pushcart with two fold-out stools and a hot-dog-cart-style
umbrella. The bartender pushes it offscreen, leaving Fry
totally exposed. Leela turns and sees him.

LEELA

(PLEASANTLY) Hi there.

EXT. STREET - A MOMENT LATER

Fry and Bender are running for their lives. Bender points at
an impressive, pillared building. Lettering above the main
doors reads "MUSEUM".

BENDER

We can hide in here. It's free on

Tuesdays.

Bender's wiry legs take four steps at a time. Fry struggles
to keep up.

INT. MUSEUM - HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Fry and Bender push through a door labeled "20th Century".

INT. MUSEUM - 20TH CENTURY GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

They quickly duck behind some shelving units. Fry lifts his head cautiously and looks around. PANTING

FRY'S POV

The shelves are lined with rows of human HEADS IN JARS. Each has a name plaque under it. Some of the nearby heads include "Dennis Rodman", "Barbra Streisand", and "Matt Groening".

FRY

(DISGUSTED SOUND) (TURNS HEAD) (MORE
DISGUSTED SOUND)

LEONARD NIMOY'S HEAD

Welcome to the Head Museum. I'm Leonard
Nimoy.

Fry peers into his jar in disbelief.

FRY

Spock? (THEN) Hey -- do the thing!

Fry makes the Spock "Live Long and Prosper" sign with his hand and presses it against the jar.

LEONARD NIMOY'S HEAD

I don't do that anymore.

FRY

(LOOKS AROUND) This is unbelievable.

What do you heads do all day?

LEONARD NIMOY'S HEAD

We share our wisdom with those who seek
it. It's a life of quiet dignity.

An attendant enters.

ATTENDANT

Feeding time.

She begins shaking fish food into the jars. Nimoy and the other heads rise to the surface and begin feeding like hungry goldfish. We hear a door opening. Fry whirls nervously.

NEW ANGLE

Leela enters the hall and looks around.

LEELA'S POV

We PAN along a shelf of heads. Among them are Fry and Bender, who are attempting to blend in with the heads. We pan past them, then quickly WHIP back to them and ZOOM in. Fry smiles cheesily.

FRY

Uhh... Welcome to the Head Museum.

Leela starts towards them, looking angry. Bender turns and whispers in Fry's ear.

BENDER

(LOUD WHISPER) I'll meet you in the gift shop.

Bender moves away. Leela approaches Fry, holding the chip implanter gun.

LEELA

I'm sorry, Fry, but I have to install your career chip.

FRY

If you're sorry, why are you doing it?

LEELA

It's my job. (SERIOUSLY) You gotta do what you gotta do.

Fry backs off, nowhere to run, until he is against a shelf. A sign reads "U.S. Presidents -- Do Not Tap On Glass". We see all the Presidents' heads in chronological order (including two GROVER CLEVELANDS). Fry backs up one step further and hits the shelf, shaking it.

CLINTON/BUSH/NIXON/PRESIDENTIAL HEADS

Whoa-oo-oo! / (WORRIED SOUNDS)

LEELA

Watch it!

NIXON'S jar falls to the floor and **SMASHES**. An **ALARM** sounds.

NIXON'S HEAD

That's it! You just made my list!

Fry bends down to help Nixon, but the **GROWLING** President bites his arm, latching on. Fry tries to shake him loose.

FRY

Ow! Bad President!

In the background, Bender picks up Boris Yeltsin's jar, swirls and **SMIFFS** it like brandy, then **SIPS** some of the liquid. He looks pleased.

BENDER

Ahhhhh.

NEW ANGLE

Two policemen rush in -- **SMITTY**, a white guy, and **URL**, a black robot.

SMITTY

Freeze! You're both under arrest for defacing the heads.

Bender hurriedly finishes drinking Yeltsin, then puts up his hands. Fry continues struggling with Nixon.

SMITTY (CONT'D)

Hey, he's got the President!

URL

I'm gonna get 24th century on his ass.

The cops draw their lightsticks, which glow and HUM like light sabers. They rush at Fry and start BEATING him. Each blow from the high-tech weapons produces a dull, wooden THUD.

LEELA

Please, officers, there's no need to use force.

URL

Let us handle this, weirdy.

Leela scowls angrily. Url turns and begins beating Bender, producing a hollow, metallic CLANKING. Smitty continues beating Fry.

LEELA

Come on. He's just a poor kid from the Stupid Ages!

FRY/NIXON'S HEAD

Hey! / I resent that!

SMITTY

(TO LEELA) Keep your big nose out of this, Eyeball.

LEELA

(SEETHING) No one makes fun of my nose.

Leela unleashes a high roundhouse kick that KNOCKS Smitty across the room.

SMITTY

(PAINED MOAN)

URL turns and menacingly approaches Leela with a raised lightstick.

ANGLE ON FRY AND BENDER

Fry motions Bender toward a back exit. A sign over the door reads "Hall of Criminals". They both sneak out and SLAM the solid metal door behind them.

ANGLE ON LEEA AND URL

URL comes at Leela. She ducks under his lightstick, grabs it from behind, and twists him to the floor in a Jackie-Chan-like move. He ends up lying on his back.

URL

Damn.

LEELEA

I'm sorry I had to do that, but you guys were totally out of control.

SMITTY

That's our job. We're peace officers.

URL

Yeah, it's like they say -- you gotta do what you gotta do.

We drift in on Leela's face as the words sink in.

INT. MUSEUM - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bender hits the bolt button, and the door LOCKS. Fry SIGHS with relief, then looks around to see they are in a smaller room with only a single barred window. (For freeze-framers, heads on the shelf include John Dillinger, Manuel Noriega, and Brooke Shields.) Fry tries the bars on the window, with no success.

FRY

We're trapped!

BENDER

Hmm. Maybe they'll cut me a deal if I testify against you.

FRY

(GETS IDEA)

Wait a second... we can get
out of here. You just have to bend the
bars!

BENDER

Dream on, skin tube. I'm only
programmed to bend for constructive
purposes. What do I look like, a de-
bender?

FRY

Who cares what you're programmed for!?
If someone programmed you to jump off a
bridge, would you do it?

BENDER

I'll have to check my program...

(THINKS, THEN) Yep.

We hear **POUNDING** on the door.

LEELA (O.S.)

Open up!

FRY

Come on, Bender! It's up to you to make
your own decisions in life. That's what
separates people -- and robots -- from
animals. And animal robots.

Bender looks up at Fry, considering this.

BENDER

You're full of crap, Fry.

Bender turns away, accidentally bumping his antenna into a bare lightbulb. It **SHATTERS**, and there's a loud **ELECTRIC ZAP** as Bender's head pulses with electricity. He suddenly turns back, excited.

BENDER (CONT'D)

You make a persuasive argument, Fry.

Bender grabs a bar in each hand. He begins to pull them apart with tremendous force.

BENDER (CONT'D)

(STRAINING SOUNDS)

We hear more **POUNDING** at the door.

FRY

Come on, Bender! You can do it!

BENDER

I can't... I can't do it...

Metal **CREAKS** as the bars slowly bend... further and further. The bars bend further and finally **SNAP** off completely.

FRY

(HAPPY CHEERS)

BENDER

(TRIUMPHANT) You were right, Fry! From

now on, I'm going to bend what I want,

when I want, who I want! I'm

unstoppable!

He raises the bent bars in victory. **TRIUMPHANT MUSIC** swells. Then both his arms fall off and **CLATTER** to the floor.

BENDER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED SOUND)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. MUSEUM - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In a CLOSE-UP, we see Bender using his right arm to SNAP his left arm into place. Then the left arm grabs the right arm and SNAPS it into place as well.

FRY

(PUZZLED) I don't know how you did that.

Suddenly, Leela KICKS in the door.

FRY/BENDER

(FRIGHTENED SCREAMS)

EXT. ALLEY - SECONDS LATER

Fry and Bender climb out the window into an alley. Bender quickly bends the remaining bars to block off Leela.

BENDER

(SMUG) Nothin' but bend.

Leela arrives at the window, but can't get through.

LEELA

Wait!

Fry and Bender run away. They reach the end of the alley, but it's a dead end. Bender looks down at a grate in the pavement.

BENDER

Looks like one of us will have to bend this grate.

Bender flexes his arms in preparation. Meanwhile, Fry easily lifts the grating.

BENDER (CONT'D)

(DISAPPOINTED SOUND)

Fry quickly climbs down into the hole, followed by Bender, who replaces the grate above them. A beat later, Bender reaches back up and BENDS the grate for no reason.

BENDER (CONT'D)

(SATISFIED CHUCKLE)

EXT. DOWNTOWN (UNDERGROUND) - A MINUTE LATER

They finish climbing down a long ladder. Fry turns around and looks at his surroundings.

FRY

(HUSHED) Oh my God...

FRY'S POV

We see the spooky-looking ruins of old New York City. Some buildings (including the Chrysler) lie on their sides, strewn as rubble; others (such as the Empire State) remain standing and pierce the ceiling at street level. The area is dimly lit by light streaming through cracks high above. A couple of large lizards scramble over the wreckage.

BACK TO SCENE

FRY

(SOLEMN) It's my old neighborhood.

Man, this brings back a lot of memories.

BENDER

Keep 'em to yourself, pops.

FRY

I used to live right here. That was my apartment up on the second floor.

He points to a filthy bathtub supported only by pipes.

FRY (CONT'D)

(SIGH) I guess he owes me my

potpourri.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - A MINUTE LATER

They approach the ruins of Rockefeller Center. Fry seems lost in reverie.

FRY

This is where I brought my girlfriend on
our very first date.

DISSOLVE TO:

FRY'S FLASHBACK

Skating music PLAYS as couples, including Fry and Janet,
circle the ice.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

FRY'S POV

We see that the ice skating rink is now filled with murky
water. A few shark fins circle. There's a frightening
SQUEAL as one of the sharks is yanked underwater by something
with tentacles.

FRY (CONT'D)

(AS IT SINKS IN) My God... she's gone.

Everyone I ever knew or cared about is

gone!

BENDER

Wait, there's someone you know.

Bender points. Fry turns and sees Leela standing nearby,
brandishing the chip implanter.

LEELA

Let's get this over with, Fry.

FRY

(GROAN) Can't you leave me alone? I'm
miserable enough already.

Fry sits down on a bench, defeated.

LEELA

I guess your emotions finally caught up
with you. But if it's any consolation,
I understand how you feel.

FRY

No you don't! I've got no home, no
family...

BENDER

No friends.

FRY

My whole world is gone! You can't
possibly understand what it feels like
to be so alone.

LEELA

(SOFTLY) I understand.

Fry looks up at her. She blinks her eye.

FRY

(SOFTLY) Oh... I guess you do. What
with the whole Martian thing.

LEELA

Close enough.

Leela sits down next to him.

FRY

(SIGHS) Look, Leela, I don't really

understand this world, but I guess you

do. So I give up.

Fry holds out his hand.

FRY (CONT'D)

If you really think I should be a
delivery boy, I'll do it.

He closes his eyes and winces like he's about to receive a
shot. Leela raises the chip installer and moves it toward
his hand. Dramatic music PLAYS. At the last moment, she
turns the device around and presses the rear "claw end" to
her own palm, then slowly pulls a chip out.

LEELA

(SLIGHT PAINED NOISE)

FRY

What are you doing?

LEELA

I'm quitting.

FRY

Why?

LEELA

Because I've always wanted to. I just

didn't have the nerve to realize it

until I met you.

Leela puts her hand on his. Neither speaks for a beat. Then
Bender slowly slides his hand on top of theirs.

FRY

(DISGUSTED) What the matter with you?

BENDER

(SHRUGS) I just wanted to be part of
the moment.

LEELA

(ANNOYED) Hey, he stole my ring!

BENDER

(LOW, QUICK) Sorry.

Bender returns the ring. Leela puts it back on.

BENDER (CONT'D)

Well, that solves the mystery of the
missing ring. This calls for a drink.

Bender opens his chest cabinet, pulls out three bottles of
beer, and starts drinking all three himself.

LEELA

I don't want to spoil the party, but
we're all job deserters now. We're
unemployed and we have nowhere to go.

FRY

Welcome to Fry's world, my friends. All
we have to do is find a relative with a
T.V., a couch, some hamburger buns and a
lot of butter.

INT. PROFESSOR FARNSWORTH'S LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

PROFESSOR FARNSWORTH is sitting on his couch, asleep in front
of the T.V.

PROFESSOR

(SNORING)

CLOSE-UP - T.V.

We see DICK CLARK'S head in a jar.

DICK CLARK'S HEAD

Hello, I'm Dick Clark's head. Welcome
to a special year 3000 edition of New
Year's Rockin' Eve!

CROWD

(CHEERS)

DICK CLARK'S HEAD

Join me as we ring in the millennium
with HumorBot Five-point-oh! A glowing
sphere of anti-matter! And the heads of
Sha Na Na!

BOWZER'S HEAD

(SINGING) Get a job...

BACK TO SCENE

The doorbell RINGS, and the Professor is startled awake.

EXT. PROFESSOR'S FRONT DOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Fry, Leela, and Bender stand at the door. The door opens and
Professor Farnsworth leans out.

PROFESSOR

Who are you?

FRY

I'm your dear old Uncle Fry.

PROFESSOR

I don't have an Uncle Fry.

BENDER

You do now.

Bender starts pushing his way in.

INT. PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY - A MINUTE LATER

Fry and the Professor each have their index fingers inserted in a high-tech panel. After a second, the machine DINGS.

PROFESSOR

By God, I am your nephew. This is incredible. Absolutely incredible!

BENDER

Can we have some money?

PROFESSOR

Oh my, no.

INT. PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY - A MINUTE LATER

The Professor leads them on a tour through his lab.

PROFESSOR

Let me show you around. (POINTS)

That's my lab table, and this is my work stool, and over there is my intergalactic spaceship, and here's where I keep assorted lengths of wire.

He opens a tiny drawer filled with wire. Fry looks back at the spaceship. (The name on the side reads "Planet Express".)

FRY

Whoa! A real live spaceship!

PROFESSOR

I designed it myself. Let me show you some of the different lengths of wire I used.

The Professor starts to open the drawer again.

FRY

When can we ride on it?

PROFESSOR

(RUBS CHIN THOUGHTFULLY) Actually, it
so happens I'm currently in need of a
new crew for the ship.

BENDER

What happened to the old crew?

PROFESSOR

That's not important. The important
thing is, I need a new crew. Anyone
interested?

FRY

Yes, YES! That's exactly the job I've
always wanted!

LEELA

Thanks for the offer, Professor, but we
don't have the proper career chips.

PROFESSOR

That won't be a problem. As luck would
have it, I saved the chips from my
previous crew.

The Professor picks up an envelope labeled "CONTENTS OF SPACE
WASP'S STOMACH". He empties three small computer chips onto
the table. Suddenly, there's a loud BANGING at the door.

SMITTY (O.S.)

(THROUGH MEGAPHONE) Attention, head

defacers! Come out with your hands up!

Don't make us surround you!

FRY/LEELA

No! / (GASPS)

Bender looks terrified, and a brick falls out of his rear compartment with a THUD. They all whirl toward the door. We see two eyes staring in through the mail slot.

EXT. PROFESSOR'S FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Nixon's head, in a sloppily taped-together jar, is peering through the mail slot. WIDEN to reveal Smitty, Url, and several other policemen.

NIXON'S HEAD

Get those bums.

INT. PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

LEELA

Can't we get away in the ship?

PROFESSOR

(CONSIDERING) I suppose it is

technically possible, though I am

already in my pajamas.

Leela hurriedly motions Fry and Bender toward the ship. Bender picks up the Professor and carries him into the ship after them.

INT. PROFESSOR'S SHIP - CONTINUOUS

They rush in, and Fry steps up to an impressive-looking control panel.

FRY

I'll get us out of here!

Fry pulls a lever and presses a couple buttons. A paper cup drops into a slot in front of him and **FILLS** with coffee.

PROFESSOR

Can anyone drive stick?

LEELA

Yo.

Leela sits down in the pilot's chair and tries out the gear shift. The others take seats and fasten their seatbelts. The ship begins to **POWER UP**. They all brace themselves.

EXT. PROFESSOR'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The police are setting up several laser Howitzers.

URL

If they try to take off, give them a tailpipe full of laser.

INT. PROFESSOR'S SHIP - CONTINUOUS

The ship is **SHAKING** as the engines continue powering up. Many lights are flashing on the panel in front of Leela.

PROFESSOR

Don't worry about the warning lights.

Those blasted things are always going on and off.

LEELA

Prepare for lift-off.. (CHECKS TIMER)

Ten.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The crowd watches a giant counter click from 10 to 9.

NEW YORK CROWD

Nine!

EXT. GREAT PYRAMID - NIGHT

The pyramid is hovering and rotating.

EGYPTIAN CROWD

Thamaaniya

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT

The Eiffel Tower now has futuristic fins and tubes on it.

FRENCH CROWD

(IN ENGLISH) Seven!

INT. ALIEN KEG PARTY - NIGHT

Several bizarre aliens watch a timer click from one unrecognizable symbol to another.

BIZARRE ALIENS

Blglgl!

EXT. PROFESSOR'S TOWNHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

The police are manning their laser guns.

SMITTY

Shoot first, ask questions later.

URL

Any questions?

INT. PROFESSOR'S SHIP

Bender sits stiffly in his chair, looking terrified. He grips his arm rests so tightly that they begin to bend.

INT. HOT TUB - NIGHT

The cleaning-bot sits in the tub with a bottle of champagne and two beautiful women.

CLEANING BOT

(MECHANICAL VOICE) Five!

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

There's a party hat perched on Leonard Nimoy's jar.

LEONARD NIMOY'S HEAD

Four

INT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

PROFESSOR

Three

BENDER

Two

LEELA

One

FRY

Blastoff!

The spaceship **SHUDDERS**. The roof of the hangar opens and the ship **ROCKETS** upward.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

The moon lights up with a **SPARKLING "3000"**.

NEW YORK CROWD

(CHEERS)

A massive display of **FIREWORKS** goes off, completely blanketing the sky.

EXT. PROFESSOR'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

NIXON'S HEAD

Fire, fire!

The confused sharpshooters **FIRE** in all directions, hopelessly thrown by the bursts of fireworks. The Professor's ship disappears into the beautiful, swirling colors.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE EARTH - CONTINUOUS

The ship emerges from the fireworks unscathed. It hurtles away from Earth and out into space.

FRY/LEELA/BENDER/PROFESSOR (V.O.)

(HAPPY CHEERS)

The ship passes Mars, Saturn, and Neptune, then moves out into the void. They drift silently past beautiful nebulas. As the ship passes across the screen, we see Fry with his face pressed to the window.

FRY (V.O.)

(BEAT, THEN, QUIETLY) Whoa.

EXT. PROFESSOR'S TOWNHOUSE NIGHT

Smitty and Url turn to Nixon's head.

SMITTY

Sorry, Mr. President. You want us to send a killbot out to (AIR QUOTES) "arrest" them?

NIXON'S HEAD

(SOFTENING) Nah, let 'em go. It's the New Year, dammit. I'm issuing a full pardon. C'mon, I'll take you boys out for a slice of poundcake.

The cops start to walk off, carrying Nixon.

URL

(WHISPERS) Can this guy still pardon people?

SMITTY

(CLENCHED TEETH WHISPER) Shut up and eat the poundcake.

INT. SHIP - LATER

The Professor hangs up the phone.

PROFESSOR

Well, don't ask me how, but all the charges have been dropped.

BENDER

Yes!

Bender takes a cigar from his cabinet. He **SNAPS** his fingers, and a flame emerges from his thumb like a lighter. He lights the cigar and takes a few puffs.

LEELA

(COUGHS)

PROFESSOR

Leela, set coordinates for West 72nd Street. We're heading home... at least until our next mission.

FRY

(EXCITED) Missions?! I love missions! Are we gonna fly through space, fighting monsters and teaching alien women to love?

PROFESSOR

If by that you mean transporting cargo, then yes. It's a little home business I started to fund my research.

FRY

Cool. What's my job gonna be?

PROFESSOR

You'll be responsible for ensuring that the cargo reaches its destination.

EXT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

FRY (V.O.)

(UNSURE) So I'm gonna be a delivery
boy?

PROFESSOR (V.O.)

Exactly.

FRY (V.O.)

(SHORT BEAT) (EXTENDED HAPPY CHEERS)

FADE OUT:

THE END